

The most lamentable Tragedie

Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.

Marcus. *Titus*, thou shalt obtaine & aske the Emperie.

Satur. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell.

Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus*.

Satur. Romaines doe me right.

Patricians draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour :

Andronicus, would thou were shipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

Lucius. Proude *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.

Titus. Content thee prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselues.

Bassian. *Andronicus*, I doe not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will doe till I die :
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friend,
I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men
Of noble mindes, is honorable meede.

Titus. People of Rome, and peoples Tribunes here,
I aske your voyces and your suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus* ?

Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his safe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Titus. Tribunes I thanke you; and this fute I make,
That you create your Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whose vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytans raies on earth,
And ripen iustice in this Common weale :
Then if you will elect by my aduise,
Crowne him, and say, Long liue our Emperour.

Marcus. *An.* With voyces & applause of euery sort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we create
Lord *Saturninus* Romes great Emperour.

And

of Titus Andronicus.

And say, Long liue our Emperour *Saturnine*.

Saturni. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy fauours done,
To vs in our election this day,

I giue thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deedes requite thy gentlenes :

And for an onset *Titus* to aduance
Thy name, and honorable familie,

Lavinia will I make my Empresse,
Romes royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart,

And in the sacred *Pathan* her espouse :

Tell me *Andronicus*, doth this motion please thee.

Titus. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match
I hold me highly honoured of your Grace,

And heere in sight of Rome to *Saturnine*,
King and Commander of our common weale,

The wide worlds Emperour, doe I consecrate,
My sword, my Chariot, and my prisoners,

Presents well worthy Romes imperious Lord :
Receiue them then, the tribute that I owe,

Mine honours Ensignes humbled at thy feete.

Satur. Thanks noble *Titus*, Father of my life,
How proude I am of thee, and of thy gifts

Rome shall record, and when I doe forget
The least of these vnspeakable deserts,

Romans forget your fealtie to me.

Titus. Now Madam are you prisoner to an Empe
To him that for your honour and your state,

Will vse you nobly, and your followers.

Satur. A goodly Lady, trust me of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose a newe :

Cleere vp faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of war hath wrought this change o

Thou comst not to be made a scorne in Rome.
Princely shall be thy vsage euery way.

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